

ABSALOM
AND
ACHITOPHEL.

A
POEM.

With all the Additions.

..... *Si Propius stes*
Te Capiet Magis

TO THE R E A D E R.

TIS not my intention to make an *Apology* for my Poem: Some will think it needs no excuse; and others will receive none. The design, I am sure, is honest; but he who draws his Pen for one party, must expect to make enemies of the other. For Wit and Fool are consequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is a Knave or an Ass to the contrary side. There's a treasury of Merits in the Phana-tick Church, as well as in the Papist; and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintship, Honesty, and Poetry, for the Leud, the Faction, and the Blockheads: But the longest Chapter in Deuteronomy has not Cur-ses enow for an Anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their manifest prejudice to my Cause, will render their judgment of less Authority against me. Yet if a Poem have a Genius, it will force its own re-ception in the World. For there's a sweetness in good Verse, which tickles even while it hurts: And no man can be heartily angry with him, who pleases him against his will. The commendation of Adver-versaries, is the greatest triumph of a Writer; because it never comes unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easy terms: If I hap-pen to please the more moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest party; and, in all probability, of the best Judges; for, the least concern'd, are commonly the least corrupt: And I confess I have laid in for these, by re-bating the Satyre, (where Justice would allow it) from carrying too sharp an edge. They who can criticize so weakly, as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinc'd at their own cost, that I can write severely with more ease than I can gently. I have but laugh'd at some mens Follies, when I could have declaim'd against their Vices; and other mens Vertues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd their Crimes. And now, if you are a malicious Reader, I expect you should return upon me, that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am. But if men are not to be judg'd by their Professions, God forgive you Com-mon-wealths-men, for professing so plausibly for the Government. You cannot be so unconscionable, as to charge me for not subscribing of my Name; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own party, who ne-ver dare, though they have the advantage of a Jury to secure them. If you like not my Poem, the fault may possibly be in my writing;

To the Reader.

(though 'tis hard for an Author to judge against himself:) But, more probably 'tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent, on both sides, will condemn the character of Absalom, as either too favourably, or too hardly drawn. But they are not the violent whom I desire to please. The fault, on the right hand, is to Extenuate, Palliate and Indulge; and, to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his Birth, I have a greater for his Heroick Vertues; and David himself could not be more tender of the Young man's Life, than I would be of his Reputation. But, since the most excellent Natures are always the most easy; and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill Counsels, especially when baited with Fame and Glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam not to have resisted the two Devils, the Serpent and the Woman. The conclusion of the Story I purposely forbore to prosecute, because I could not obtain from my self to shew Absalom unfortunate. The Frame of it was cut out but for a Picture to the waist; and if the Draught be so far true, 'tis as much as I design'd.

Were I the Inventer, who am only the Historian, I should certainly conclude the Piece with the reconciliation of Absalom to David. And who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the Story; there seems yet to be room left for a Composure, hereafter there may only be for Pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel; but am content to be accus'd of a good natur'd Error; and, to hope with Origen, that the Devil himself may at last be saved. For which reason, in this Poem, he is neither brought to set his House in order, nor to dispose of his Person afterwards, as he in wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful, and his Vicegerent is only not so, because he is not Infinite.

The true end of Satyre, is the amendment of Vices by correction. And he who writes honestly, is no more an enemy to the Offender, than the Physitian to the Patient, when he prescribes harsh Remedies to an inveterate Disease; for those are only in order to prevent the Chirurgion's work of an Ense rescindendum, which I wish not to my very enemies. To conclude all, If the Body Politick have any Analogy to the Natural, in my weak judgment, an Act of Oblivion were as necessary in a Hot, distemper'd State, as an Opiate would be in a raging Fever.

Absalom

To the unknown Author of this Admirable Poem.

I Thought, forgive my sin, the boasted fire
Of Poets Souls did long ago expire ;
Of Folly or of Madnes did accuse
The Wretch that thought himself possesst with Muse ;
Laught at the God within that did inspire
With more than humane thoughts, the tuneful Quire :
But sure 'tis more than Fancy or the Dream
Of Rhimers slumbring by the Muses stream.
Some livelier spark of Heav'n, and more refin'd
From earthly dross, fills the great Poet's mind.
Witness these mighty and immortal lines,
Thro each of which th' informing Genius shines.
Scarce a Diviner flame inspir'd the King,
Of whom thy Muse do's so sublimely sing.
Not *David's* Self cou'd in a Nobler Verse
His gloriously offending Son reherse,
Tho in his Brest the Prophet's fury met,
The Father's Fondness, and the Poet's Wit.

Here all consent in Wonder and in Praise,
And to the unknown Poet Altars raise.
Which thou must needs accept with equal joy,
As when *Aeneas* heard the Wars of *Troy* ;
Wrapt up himself in darkness, and unseen,
Extoll'd with Wonder by the *Tyrian* Queen.
Sure thou already art secure of Fame ;
Nor want'st new Glories to exalt thy Name :
What Father else wou'd have refus'd to own
So great a Son as Godlike *Absalom*.

To the unknown Author of this Excellent Poem.

TAke it as earnest of a Faith renew'd,
Your Theme is vast, your Verse Divinely good:
Where tho the Nine their beautilous strokes repeat,
And the turn'd lines on golden Anvils beat,
It looks as if they strook 'em at a heat.
So all serenely great, so just, refin'd,
Like Angels love to humane seed enclin'd,
It starts a Giant, and exalts the kind.
'Tis spirit seen, whose fiery Atomes roul
So brightly fierce, each syllable's a Soul.
Tis minature of Man, but he's all heart;
Tis what the world would be, but wants the art:
To whom ev'n the Phanaticks Altars raise,
Bow in their own despite, and grin your praise.
As if a *Milton* from the dead arose,
Fil'd off his rust, and the right party chose.
Nor, Sir, be shock'd at what the gloomy say,
Turn not your feet too inward, nor too splay,
'Tis gracious all, and great; push on your Theme,
Lean your griev'd head on *Davia's* Diadem.
David, that Rebel *Israel's* envy mov'd,
David, by God, and all good men belov'd.

The Beauties of your *Absalom* excel;
But more the Charms of Charming *Annabel*;
Of *Annabel*, than *May's* first morn, more bright,
Chearful as Summers Noon, and chaste as Winters Night.
Of *Annabel*, the Muses dearest Theme,
Of *Annabel*, the Angel of my Dream.
Thus let a broken Eloquence attend,
And to your Master-piece these shadows send.

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL

A POEM



In pious times e'r Priest-craft did begin,
 Before *Polygamy* was made a sin?
 When man on many, multiply'd his kind
 E'r one to one was, cursedly confin'd:
 When nature prompted, and no law deny'd
 Promiscuous use of Concubine and Bride;
 Then, *Isaiah's* Monarch, after Heavens own heart:
 His vigorous warmth did, variously, impart
 To Wives and Slaves: And, wide as his Command,
 Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the Land.

M

Michal, of Royal blood, the Crown did wear,
 A Soyl ungratefull to the Tillers care:
 Not so the rest; for several Mothers bore
 To Godlike *David*, several Sons before.
 But since like slaves his bed they did ascend.
 No True Succession could their seed attend,
 Of all this Numerous Progeny was none
 So beautifull so brave as *Absolon*:
 Whether, inspir'd with some diviner Lust,
 His Father got him with a greater Gust;
 Or that his Consciousdestiny made way
 By manly beauty to Imperiall sway.
 Early in Foreign fields he won Renown,
 With Kings and States ally'd to *Israels* Crown:
 In Peace the thoughts of War he could remove,
 And seem'd as he wearonly born for love.
 What e'r he did was done with so much ease,
 In him alone, 'twas Natural to please.
 His motions all accompanied with grace;
 And *Paradise* was opened in his face.
 With secret Joy, indulgent *David* vie'd
 His Youthfull Image in his Son renew'd:
 To all his wishes nothing he deny'd,
 And made the Charming *Annabel* his Bride.
 What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
 His Father could not, or he woud not see.
 Some warm excesses, which the Law forbore,
 Were constru'd Youth that purg'd by boyling o'r:
 And *Ammons* Murther, by a specious Name,
 Was called a Just Revenge for injured Fame.

Thus

Thus Prais'd, and Lov'd the Noble Youth remain'd,
While *David*, undisturb'd, in *Sion* reign'd.

But Life can never be sincerely blest.

Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.

The *Jews*, a Headstrong, Moody, Murmuring race,
Asever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace;

God's pampered people whom, debauch'd with ease,
No King could govern, nor no God could please;

(Gods they had tri'd of every shape and size
That God-smiths could produce, or Priests devise.)

These *Adam*-wits, too fortunately free,

Began to dream they wanted libertie;

And when no rule, no president was found

Of men, by Laws less circumserib'd and bound,

They led their wild desires to Woods and Caves,

And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.

They who when *Saul* was dead, without a blow,

Made foolish *Isboseth* the Crown forge;

Who banisht *David* did from *Hebron* bring,

And, with a General Shout, proclaim'd him King:

Those very *Jews*; who, at their very best,

Their Humour more than Loya'ty exprest,

Now, wondred why, so long, they had obey'd

An Idol Monarch which their hands had made.

Thought they might ruine him they could create;

Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State.

But these were randome bolts : No form'd Design,

Nor Interest made the Factious Croud to joyn:

The sober part of *Israel*, free from stain,

Well

And

And, looking backward with a wife afright,
 Saw Seames of wounds, dishonest to the fight;
 In contemplation of whose ugly Scars,
 They Curst the memory of Civil Wars.
 The moderate sort of Men, thus qualifi'd
 Inclin'd the Ballance to the better side:
 And *David's* mildness manag'd it so well,
 The Bad found no occasion to rebell.
 But, when to Sin our byast Nature leans,
 The carefull Devil is still at hand with means:
 And providently Pimps for ill desires:
 The good old Cause revi'd, a Plot requires.
 Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
 To raise up Common-wealths, and ruine Kings.

Th' inhabitants of old *Jerusalem*
 Were *Jebusites*: the Town so call'd from them;
 And theirs the Native right-----
 But when the chosen people grew more strong,
 The rightfull cause at length became the wrong:
 And every loss the men of *Jebus* bore,
 They still were thought Gods enemies the more.
 Thus, worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,
 Submit they must to *David's* Government:
 Impoverisht, and depriv'd of all Command,
 Their Taxes doubled as they lost their Land,
 And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
 Their Gods disgrac'd and burnt like common Wood.
 This set the Heathen Priesthood in a flame;
 For Priests of all Religions are the same:
 Of whatsoe'r descent their Godhead be,
 Stock, Stone, or other homely pedigree,

In his defence his Servants are as bold
 As if he had been born of beaten gold.
 The *Jewish Rabbins* thô their Enemies,
 In this conclude them honest men and wise:
 For 'twas their duty, all the Learned think,
 T' espouse his Cause by whom they eat and drink.
 From hence began that Plot, the Nation's Curse,
 Bad in it self, but represented worse.
 Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
 With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deny'd.
 Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude;
 But swallow'd in the Mass, unchew'd and Crude.
 Some Truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with Lyes;
 To please the Fools, and puzzle all the Wise.
 Succeeding times did equal folly call,
 Believing nothing, or believing all,
 Th' *Egyptian* Rites the *Jebusites* imbrac'd;
 Where Gods were recommended by their Taste.
 Such savory Deities must needs be good,
 And serv'd at once for Worship and for Food.
 By force they could not Introduce these Gods;
 For Ten to One, in former days was odds.
 So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificers trade,)
 Fools are more hard to Conquer than Perswade.
 Their busie Teachers mingled with the *Jews*;
 And rak'd, for Converts, even the Court and Stews:
 Which *Hebrew* Priests the more unkindly took,
 Because the Fleece accompanies the Flock.
 Some thought they God's Anoint'd meant to Slay
 By Guns, invented since full many a day:

Our Authour swears it not; but who can know
 How far the Devil and *Jebusites* may go?
 This Plot, which Fail'd for want of common Sense,
 Had yet a deep and dangerous Consequence:
 For, as when raging Fevers boyl the Blood;
 The standing Lake soon floats into a Flood;
 And every hostile Humour, which before
 Slept quiet in its Channels, bubbles o'r:
 So, several FaCTIONS from this first Ferment,
 Work up to Foam, and threat the Government.
 Some by their Friends, more by themselves thought wise
 Oppos'd the Power, to which they could not rise.
 Some had in Courts been great, and thrown from thence
 Like Feinds, were harden'd in Impenitence.
 Some, by their Monarch's fatall mercy grown,
 From Pardon'd Rebels, Kinsmen to the Throne;
 Were raised in Power and publick Office high:
 Strong Bands, if Bands ungratefull men could tye.
 Of these the false *Achitophel* was first:
 A Name to all succeeding Ages Curst.
 For close Designs, and crooked Counsel fit;
 Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of wit:
 Restles, unfixt in Principle and Place;
 In Power unpleased, impatient of Disgrace.
 A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
 Fretted the Pigmy Body to decay:
 And o'r inform'd the Tenement of Clay. }
 A daring Pilot in extremity;
 Pleased with the Danger, when the Waves went high
 He fought the Storms; but for a Calm unfit,
 Would Steer too nigh the Sands, to boast his Wit.

Great

Great Wits are sure to Madness near ally'd;
 And thin Partitiones do their Bounds divide:
 Else, why should he, with Wealth and Honour blest,
 Refuse his Age the needfull hours of rest?
 Punish a Body which he could not please;
 Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of Ease?
 And all to leave, what with his Toyl he won,
 To that unfeathered, two Leg'd thing, a Son:
 Got, while his Soul did hudled Notions try;
 And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy.
 In Friendship False, Implacable in Hate:
 Resolved to ruine or to Rule the State.
 To Compass this the Triple Bond he broke;
 The Pillars of the publick Safety shook:
 And fitted *Israel* for a Foreign Yok. }
 Then, seiz'd with Fear, yet still affecting Fame,
 Assumed a Patrons All-attoning Name.
 Oh, had he been content to serve the Crown,
 With vertues only proper to the Gown;
 Or, had the rankness of the Soyl been freed
 From Cockle, that oppress the Noble seed:
David, for him his tuneful Harp had strung,
 And Heaven had wanted one Imortal song.
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand;
 And Fortunes Ice prefers to Vertues Land:
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
 A lawfull Fame, and lazy Happiness;
 Disdained the Golden fruit to gather free,
 And lent the Croud his Arm to shake the Tree.
 Now, manifest of Crimes, contrived long since,
 He stood at bold Defiance with his Prince:

(Byron)

> This follows ed 1.

Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cause,
 Against the Crown; and scul'd behind the Laws.
 The wish'd occasion of the Plot he takes,
 Some Circumstances finds, but more he makes.
 By buzzing Emissaries, fills the ears
 Of listning Crowds, with Jealousies and Fears
 Of Arbitrary Counsels brought to light,
 And proves the King himself a *Jebusite*:
 Weak Arguments! which yet he knew full well,
 Were strong with People easie to Rebell.
 For, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*
 Tread the same track when she the *Prime* renews:
 And, once in twenty Years, their Scribes Record,
 By natural Instinct they change their Lord.
Achtiophel still wanets a Chief, and none
 Was found so fit as Warlike *Abfolon*:
 Not, that he wish'd his Greatness to create,
 (For Politicians neither love nor hate:)
 But, for he knew, his Title not allow'd,
 Would keep him still depending on the Crowd,
 That Kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
 Drawn to the dregs of a Democracy.
 Him he attempts, with studied Arts to please,
 And sheds his Venome, in such words as these.
 Auspicious Prince! at whose Nativity
 Some Royal Planet ruled the Southern sky;
 Thy longing Countries Darling and Desire;
 Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire:
 Their second *Moses*, whose extended Wand
 Shuts up the Seas, and shews the promis'd Land:

Whose

Whose dawning Day, in every distant age,
 Has exercis'd the Sacred Prophets rage:
 The Peoples Prayer, the glad Deviners Theam,
 The Young-mens Vision, and the Old mens Dream!
 Thee, *Saviour*, Thee, the Nations Vows confels;
 And, never satisfied with seeing blefs:
 Swift, unbespoken Poms, thy steps proclaim,
 And stammerring Babes are taught to lisp thy Name.
 How long wilt thou the general Joy detain;
 Starve, and defraud the People of thy Reign?
 Content ingloriously to pass thy days
 Like one of Vertues Fools that feeds on Praise;
 Till thy fresh Glories, which now shine so bright,
 Grow Stale and Tarnish with our daily sight.
 Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit must be,
 Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree.
 Heaven, has to all allotted, soon or late,
 Some luckily Revolution of their Fate:
 Whose Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
 (For humane Good depends on humane Will,)
 Our Fortune rolls, as from a smooth Descent,
 And, from the first Impression, takes the Bent:
 But, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind;
 And leaves repenting Folly far behind.
 Now, now she meets you, with a glorious prize,
 And spreads her Locks before her as she flies.
 Had thus Old *David*, from whose Loyns you spring,
 Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be King,
 At *Gath* an Exile he might still remain,
 And heavens Anointing Oyle had been in vain.

Let

t his successfull Youth your hopes engage,
 t shun the example of Declining Age:
 hold him setting in his Western Skies,
 ie Shadows lengthning as the Vapours rise.
 e is not now, as when on *Jordan's* Sand
 he Joyfull People throng'd to see him Land, }
 Covering the *Beach*, and blackning all the *Strand*: }
 But, like the Prince of Angels from his height,
 Comes tumbling downward with diminished light;
 Betray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn,
 (Our only blessing since his Curst Return:)
 Those heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,
 Blown off and scattered by a puff of wind.
 What strength can he to your Designs oppose,
 Naked of Friends, and round beset with Foes?
 If *Pharaoh's* doubtfull Succour he shoud use,
 A Foreign Aid woud more Incense the *Jews*:
 Proud *Egypt* woud dissembled Friendship bring;
 Foment the War, but not support the King:
 Nor woud the Royal party e'r unite
 With *Pharoah's* Arms, t' assist the *Jebusite*;
 Or if they shoud, their Interest soon woud break,
 And with such odious Aid make *David* weak
 All sorts of men by my successfull Arts,
 Abhorring Kings, estrange their alter'd Hearts
 From *David's* Rule. And 'tis the general Cry,
 Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.
 If you as Champion of the publique Good,
 Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood;

What

(15)
What may not *Israel* hope, and what applause
Might such a General gain by such a cause ?
Not barren praise alone, that gaudy Flower,
Fair only to the sight, but solid Power :
And Nobler is a limited command,
Giv'n by the Love of all your native Land,
Than a successive Title, long, and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy Rolls of *Noah's* Ark.

What cannot Praise effect in mighty Minds,
When Flattery sooths, and when Ambition blinds !
Desire of power, on earth a vitious weed,
Yet, sprung from High, is of Cæstial seed :
In God 'tis Glory : And when men aspire,
'Tis but a spark too much of Heavenly Fire.
Th' ambitious Youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of Angels Metal in his frame ;
Unwarily was led from Vertues ways ;
Made drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with praise
Half loath, and half consenting to the ill,
(For Loyal Blood within him struggled still)
He thus reply'd----- And what pretence have I
To take up Arms for publick liberty ?
My Father governs with unquestion'd right ;
The Faiths Defender, and mankind's delight :
Good, gracious, just, observant of the Laws ;
And Heav'n by wonders has espous'd his cause.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his *Peacefull* Reign ?
Who sues for Justice to his throne in Vain ?
What Millions has he pardon'd of his Foes,
Whom Just Revenge did to his Wrath expose ?

Mine,

Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good;
 Enclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood.
 If mildness ill with stubborn *Israel* suit,
 His crime is God's beloved Attribute.
 What could he gain, his people to betray,
 Or change his right for arbitrary sway?
 Let haughty *Pharaoh* curse with such a Reign,
 His fruitful *Nile*, and yolk a servile Train.
 If *David's* Rule *Jerusalem* displease,
 The *Dog-star* heats their brains to this disease.
 Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
 Turn Rebel, and run popularly mad?
 Were he a Tyrant who, by lawless Might,
 Opprest the *Jews*, and rais'd the *Jebusite*,
 Well might I mourn; but Nature's holy bands
 Would curb my spirits, and restrain my hands:
 The people might assert their liberty;
 But what was right in them, were crime in me.
 His favour leaves me nothing to require;
 Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire.
 What more can I expect while *David* lives,
 All but his Kingly Diadem he gives;
 And that: But there he paus'd; then sighing, said,
 Is justly destin'd for a worthier Head.
 For when my Father from his toyls shall rest,
 And late augment the number of the blest:
 His lawful Issue shall the Throne ascend,
 Or the *Collateral* Line where that shall end:
 His Brother, though opprest with vulgar spight,
 Yet dauntless and secure of native right,

Of every Royal Vertue stands possess;
 Still Dear to all the Bravest, and the Best:
 His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim;
 His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.
 His Mercy even th' Offending Crowd will find,
 For sure he comes of a Forgiving Kind.
 Why should I then Repine at Heavens Decree;
 Which gives me no Pretence to Royalty?
 Yet oh that Fate Propitiously Enclind,
 Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind;
 To my Large Soul, not all her Treasure lent,
 And then betray'd it to a mean Descent.
 I find, I find my mounting Spirits Bold,
 And *David's* Part disdains my Mothers Mold.
 Why am I Scanted by a Niggard Birth,
 My Soul Disclaims the Kindred of her Earth:
 And made for Empire, Whispers me within;
 Desire of Greatness is a Godlike Sin.

Him Staggering so when Hellsdire Agent found,
 While fainting Vertue scarce maintain'd her Ground,
 He pours fresh Forces in, and thus Replies:

Th' Eternal God Supreamly Good and Wise,
 Imparts not these Prodigious Gifts in vain;
 What Wonders are reserv'd to bless your Reign?
 Against your will your Arguments have shown,
 Such Vertue's only given to guide a Throne.
 Not that your Father's Mildness I condemn;
 But Manly Force becomes the Diadem.
 'Tis true, he grants the People all they crave;
 And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have:

For Lavish grants suppose a Monarch tame,
 And more his Goodness than his Wit proclaim.
 But when should People strive their Bonds to break,
 If not when Kings are Negligent or weak?
 Let him give on till he can give no more,
 The Thrifty Sanhedrin shall keep him poor:
 And every Sheckle which he can receive,
 Shall cost a Limb of his Prerogative.
 To ply him with new plots, shall be my care,
 Or plunge him deep in some Expensive War;
 Which when his Treasure can no more Supply,
 He must, with the Remains of Kingship, buy.
 His faithful Friends, our Jealousies and Fears,
 Call *Jebusites*; and *Pharaoh's* Pentioners:
 Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,
 He shall be Naked left to publick Scorn.
 The next Successor, whom I fear and hate,
 My Arts have made Obnoxious to the State;
 Turn'd all his Vertues to his Overthrow,
 And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe.
 His Right, for Sums of necessary Gold,
 Shall first be Pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold:
 Till time shall ever-wanting *David* draw,
 To pass your doubtfull Title into Law:
 If not; the People have a Right Suprem
 To make their Kings; for Kings are made for them.
 All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Trust,
 Which when resum'd, can be no longer Just.
 Succession, for the general Good design'd,
 In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind:
 If

If altering that, the People can relieve,
 Better one Suffer, than a Million grieve.
 The *Jews* well knew their power: e'r *Saul* they Chose
 God was their King, and God they durst Depose:
 Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,
 A Father's Right, and fear of future Fame;
 The publick Good that Universal Call,
 To which Heav'n Submitted, answers all.
 Nor let his Love Enchant your generous Mind;
 Tis Nature's trick to Propagate her Kind.
 Our fond Begetters, who woud never dye,
 Love but themselves in their Posterity.
 Or Let his Kindness by th' Effects be try'd,
 Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
 God said he lov'd your Father' coud he bring
 A better proof, than to Anoint him King?
 It surely shew'd he lov'd the Shepherd well,
 Who gave so fair a Flock as *Israel*.
 Woud *David* have you thought his Darling Son?
 What means he then, to Alienate the Crown?
 The name of Godly he may blush to bear:
 'Tis after God's own heart to Cheat his Heir.
 He to his Brother gives Supreme Command;
 To you a Legacy of Barren Land:
 Perhaps th' old Harp, on which he thrums his Layes
 Or some dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praise.
 Then the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and Wise,
 Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes;
 Sees through the thin Disguises of your Arts,
 And marks your Progress in the peoples Hearts.

Though now his mighty Soul its Grief contains;
 He meditates Revenge who least Complains.
 And like a Lyon, Slumbring in the way,
 Or Sleep-difsembling, while he waits his Prey,
 His fearless Foes within his Distance draws;
 Constrains his Roaring, and Contracts his Paws;
 Till at the Last, his time for fury found,
 He shoots with suddain Vengeance from the Ground:
 The Prostrate Vulgar, passes o'r, and Spares;
 But with a Lordly Rage, his Hunters teares.
 Your Case no tame Expedients will afford;
 Resolve on Death, or Conquest by the Sword,
 Which for no less a Stake than Life, you Draw;
 And Self-defence is Natures Eldest Law.
 Leave the warm People no Considering time;
 For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime.
 Prevail your self of what Occasion gives,
 But try your Title while your Father lives:
 And that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
 Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence.
 Whose Sacred Life each minute woud Expose,
 To Plots, from seeming Friends, and secret Foes.
 And who can sound the depth of *David's* Soul?
 Perhaps his fear, his kindness may Controul.
 He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
 For plighted Vows too late to be undone.
 If so, by Force he wishes to be gain'd,
 Like womens Leachery, to seem Constrain'd:
 Doubt not, but when he most affects the Frown,
 Commit a pleasing Rape upon the Crown.

Secure his Person to secure your Cause;
They who possess the Prince, possess the Laws.

He said, And this Advice above the rest,
With *Abjolom's* Mild nature suited best;
Unblam'd of Life (Ambition set aside,)
Not stain'd with Cruelty, nor puffed with Pride;
How happy had he been, if destiny
Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not so high?
His Kingly Vertues might have claim'd a Throne,
And blest all other Countries but his own:
But charming Greatness, since so few refuse;
'Tis Juster to Lament him, than Accuse.
Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the publick Love;
To Head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,
And Popularly prosecute the Plot.
To farther this, *Achitophel* Unites
The Malecontents of all the *Isralites*;
Whose differing Parties he could wisely Joyn,
For several Ends, to serve the same Design.
The best, and of the Princes some were such,
Who thought the power of Monarchy too much:
Mistaken Men, and Patriots in their Hearts;
Not Wicked, but Seduc'd by Impious Arts.
By these the Springs of Property were bent,
And wound so high, they Crack'd the Government:
The next for Interest sought t' embroil the State,
To sell their Duty at a dearer rate;
And make their *Jewish* Markets of the Throne,
Pretending publick Good, to serve their own.

(52)
Others thought King an useless heavy Load,
Who Cost too much, and did too little Good
These wer efor laying Honest *David* by,
On Principles of pure good Husbandry.
With them Joyn'd all th' Haranguers of the Throng,
That thought to get Preferment by the Tongue.
Who follow next, a double Danger bring,
Not only hating *David*, but the King,
The *Solymæan* Rout ; well Verst of old,
In Godly faction, and in Treason bold;
Cowering and Quaking at a Conquer'rs Sword,
But Lofty to a Lawfull Prince Restor'd;
Saw with Disdain an *Ethnick* Plot begun,
And Scorn'd by *Jebusites* to be Out-done.
Hot *Levites* Headed these; who pul'd before
From th' *Ark*, which in the Judges days they bore,
Resum'd their Cant, and, with a Zealous Cry,
Pursu'd their old belov'd Theocracy.
Where Sanhedrin and Priest inflav'd the Nation,
And Justifi'd their Spoils by Inspiration;
For who so fit for Reign as *Aron's* Race,
If once Dominion they could found in Grace?
These led the Pack; tho not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the Government.
A numerous Host of dreaming Saints succeed?
Of the true old Enthusiastick breed:
'Gainst Form and Order their Power employ;
Nothing to Build and all things to Destroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of such,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.

These

These, out of meer instinct, they knew not why ;
 Ador'd their fathers God, and Property :
 And, by the same blind benefit of Fate,
 The Devil and the Jebusite did hate :
 Born to be sav'd, even in their own despight;
 Because they could not help believing right.
 Such were the tools ; but a whole Hydra more
 Remains, of sproghting heads too long, to score.
 Some of their Cheifs were Princes of the Land :
 In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand ,
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all Mankinds Epitome.
 Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong ;
 Was every thing by starts, and nothing long :
 But, in the course of one revolting Moon,
 Was Chymist, Fidler, Stats-Man, and Buffoon :
 Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking;
 Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
 Blest Madman, who could every hour employ,
 With something New to wish, or to enjoy !
 Rayling and praising were his usual Theams.
 And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extreame:
 So over Violent, or over Civil,
 That every man, with him, was God or Devil.
 In squandering Wealth, was his peculiar Art:
 Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.
 Begger'd by Fools, whom still he found too late.
 He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.
 He laught himself from Court, then sought Relief
 By forming Parties, but could ne're be Chief:

For spight of him, the weight of Business fell
 On *Absalom* and wife *Achitophel*:
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not Faction, but of that was left.
 Titles and names 'twere tedious to Reherse
 Of Lords, below the Dignity of Verse.
 Wits warriors Common-wealthsmen, were the best:
 Kind Husbands and meer Nobles all the rest.
 And, therefore in the name of Dulness, be
 The well hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free.
 And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
 Who made new porridge for the Paschal Lamb.
 Let Friendships holy band, some Names assure:
 Some their own Worth, and some let Scorn secure.
 Nor shall the Rascal Rabble here have place,
 Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace:
 Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, who could Statutes draw
 To mean Rebellion, and make Treason Law.
 But he though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
 The wretch, who Heavens Anointed dar'd to Curse.
Shimei, whose early Youth did Promise bring
 Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King;
 Did wisely from Expensive sins refrain,
 And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain:
 Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
 Or Curse unless against the Government.
 Thus, heaping Wealth, by the most ready way
 Among the Jews which was to Cheat and Pray;
 The City, to reward his pious Hate
 Against his Master, chose him Magistrate:

His

His Hand a Vane of Justice did uphold;
 His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
 During his Office, Treason was no Crime;
 The Sons of *Belial* had a glorious Time:
 For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of self,
 Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himself:
 When to or three were gather'd to declaim }
 Against the Monarch of *Jerusalem*, }
Shimei was always in the midst of them,
 And, if they Curst the King when he was by,
 Woud rather Curse, than break good Company.
 If any durst his Factious Friends accuse,
 He pact a Jury of dissenting Jews:
 Whose fellow-feeling, in the godly Cause,
 Would free the suffering Saint from humane Laws.
 For Laws are only made to punish those,
 Who serve the King, and to protect his Foes.
 If any leisure time he had from Power,
 (Because 'tis Sin to misemploy an hour;)
 His business was, by Writing, to Persuade;
 That Kings were Useless, and a Clog to Trade:
 And, that his noble Stile he might refine,
 No *Rechabite* more shund the fumes of Wine.
 Chast were his Cellars, and his Shrieval Board
 The Grossness of a City Feast abhor'd:
 His Cooks, with long disuse, their Trade forgot;
 Cool was his Kitchen, tho his Brains were hot.
 Such frugall Vertue Malice may accuse,
 But sure 'twas necessary to the *Jews* :
 For Towns once burnt, such Magistrates require
 As dare not tempt Gods Providence by fire.

With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
 But free from flesh, that made the Jews Rebel :
 And *Moses's* Laws he held in more account,
 For forty days of Fasting in the Mount.
 To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
 Would tyre a well breath'd Witness of the Plot :
 Yet, *Corah*, thou shalt from oblivion pass ;
 Erect thy self thou Monumental Brass :
 High as the Serpent of thy metal made,
 While Nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
 What tho his Birth were base, yet Comets rise
 From earthy vapours ere they shine in Skies.
 Prodigious Actions may as well be done
 By Weavers Issue, as by Princes Son.
 This Arch-Attestor for the publick good,
 By that one Deed Enobles all his Blood.
 Who ever ask'd the Witnesses high race,
 VVhose Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen* grace?
 Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,
 His Tribe were Godalmighty's Gentlemen.
 Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
 Sure signs he neither cholerick was, nor proud :
 His long chin prov'd his wit ; his Saintlike grace
 A Church Vermilion, and a *Moses's* face ;
 His memory, miraculously great,
 Could Plots, exceeding mans belief, repeat ;
 VVhich, therefore cannot be accounted lies,
 For humane wit could never such devise.
 Some future Truths are mingled in his Book ;
 But, where the witness fail'd, the Prophet spoke :

Some

Some things like visionary flights appear ;
 The Spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where :
 And gave him his *Rabinal* degree
 Unknown to Foreign University.

His judgment yet his memory did excel ;
 VVhich peic'd his wondrous Evidence so well :
 And suited to the temper of the times ;
 Then groaning under Jebusitick crimes.
 Let *Israels* foes suspect his heav'nly call,
 And rashly judge his wit Apocryphal ;
 Our Laws for such affronts have forfeits made :
 He takes his life, who takes away his trade.
 VVere I my self in witness *Corahs* place,
 The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,
 Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
 To make him an Appendix of my Plot.
 His zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince despise,
 And load his person with indignities :
 But zeal peculiar priviledg affords ;
 Indulging latitude to deeds and words.
 And *Corah* might for *Agag's* murther call,
 In terms as course as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul*.
 What others in his Evidence did joyn,
 (The best that could be had for love or coyn,)
 In *Corah's* own predicament will fall ?
 For *witness* is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,
 Deluded *Absalom* forsakes the Court :
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
 And fir'd with near possession of a Crown,

Th' admiring Croud are dazled with Surprise,
 And on his goodly person feed their eyes :
 Dissembling joy, he sets himself to show ;
 On each side bowing popularly low :
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames.
 And with familiar ease repeats their Names.
 Thus, form'd by Nature, furnish'd out with Arts,
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts :
 Then with a kind compassionating look,
 And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke :
 Few words he said; but easy those and fit.
 More slow than Hybla drops, and far more sweet.
 I mourn, my Countrymen, your lost Estate;
 Tho far unable to prevent your fate:
 Behold a Banisht man, for your dear cause
 Expos'd a prey to Arbitrary laws!
 Yet oh! that I alone cou'd be undone,
 Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son!
 Now all your Liberties a spoil are made ;
Ægypt and *Tyrus* intercept your Trade,
 And *Jebusites* your Sacred Rites invade. }
 My Father, whom with reverence yet I name,
 Charm'd into Ease, is careless of his Fame :
 And, brib'd with petty sums of Forreign Gold,
 Is grown in *Batshéba's* Embraces old :
 Exalts his Enemies, his Friends destroys;
 And all his pow'r against himself employs.
 He gives, and let him give my right away:
 But why should he his own, and yours betray ?

He

(29)
He only, he can make the Nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes)
'Tis all the Aid my present power supplies:
No Court Informer can these Arms accuse
These Arms may Sons against their Fathers use;
And, 'tis my wish, the next Successors Reign
May make no other Israelite complain.
Youth, Beauty, Gracefull Action, seldom fail:
But Common Interest always will prevail:
And pity never Ceases to be shown
To him, who makes the peoples wrongs his own
The Croud, (that still believes their Kings oppress)
With lifted hands their young *Messiah* bless:
Who now begins his Progress to ordain;
With Chariots, Horsemen, and a numerous train:
From East to west his Glories he displaies:
And, like the Sun, the promis'd land surveys.
Fame runs before him, as the morning Star ;
And shouts of Joy salute him from afar :
Each house receives him as a Guardian God ;
And Consecrates the place of his abode ;
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wife *Issachar*, his wealthy western friend.
This moving Court, that caught the peoples Eyes:
And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise:
Achitophel had form'd it with intent
To sound the depth, and farhom where it went:
The peoples hearts, distinguish Friends from Foes;
And try their strength, before they came to blows

Yet

Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious love, and duty to their Prince.
Religion, and Redress of Grievances,
Two names, that always cheat and always please,
Are often arg'd; and good King *David's* life
Indanger'd by a Brother and a Wife.
Thus, in a Pageant Show, a Plot is made;
And Peace it self is War in Masquerade.
Oh foolish *Israel*! never warn'd by ill,
Still the same baite, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of health Imagine a disease;
Take pains Contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make Heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree?
What shall we think! can people give away
Both for themselves and Sons, their Native sway?
Then they are left Defenseless, to the Sword
Of each unbounded Arbitrary Lord:
And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,
If Kings unquestioned can those laws destroy.
Yet, if the Crowd be Judge of fit and Just,
And Kings are onely Officers in trust,
Then this resuming Cov'nant was declar'd
When Kings were made, or is for ever bard:
If those who gave the *Scepter*, could not tie
By their own deed their own Posterity,
How then could *Adam* bind his future Race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly Justice damn us all,
Who nere consented to our Fathers fall?

Then Kings are slaves to those whom they Command
 And Tenants to their Peoples pleasure stand.
 That Pow'r which is for property allowd,
 Is mischeivously seated in the Crowd:
 For who can be secure of private Right,
 If Sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by might?
 Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true:
 The most may err as grossly as the few.
 And faultless Kings rundown, by Common Cry,
 For Vice, Oppression, and for Tyranny.
 What Standard is there in a fickle rout,
 Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
 Nor only Crowds, but Sanhedrins may be
 Infected with this publick lunacy:
 And share the madness of rebellious times,
 To murder Monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
 If they may give and take when e'r they please,
 Not Kings alone, (the Godheads Images,)
 But Government it self at length must fall
 To Natures state; where all have right to all.
 Yet, grant our Lords the people Kings can make,
 What prudent men a settled Throne woud shake?
 For whatsoe'r their sufferings were before,
 That change they covet makes them suffer more.
 All other Errors but disturb a State;
 But Innovation is the blow of Fate.
 If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,
 To patch the flaws, and buttress up the wall,
 Thus far 'tis duty; but here fix the mark;
 For all beyond it is to touch our Ark.

To change Foundations cast the Frame anew.
 Is work for Rebels who base Ends pursue:
 At once Divine and Humane Laws controul;
 And mend the parts by ruine of the Whole.
 The Tampering World is subject to this Curse,
 To Physick their Disease into a worse.

Now what relief can Righteous *David* bring?
 How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King!
 Friends he has few, so high the Madness grows;
 Who dare be such, must be the peoples Foes,
 Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days;
 Some let me name, and Naming is to praise.

In this short File *Barzillai* first appears;
Barzillai crown'd with Honour and with Years,
 Long since, the rising Rebels he withstood
 In Regions waste, beyond the *Jordans* Flood,
 Unfortunately Brave to buoy the Sate;
 But sinking underneath his Masters Fate,
 In Exile with his Godlike Prince he Mourn'd;
 For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd.
 The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's art
 Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart,
 Which, well the Noblest Objects knew to choose,
 The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muse.
 His Bed coud once a Fruitfull Issue boast,
 Now more than half a Father's Name is lost.
 His Eldest Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
 By me (so Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd,
 And always honour'd, snatcht in Manhoods prime
 By' unequal Fates, and providences crime :

Yet

Yet not before the Goal of Honour won,
 All parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son;
 Swift was the Race, but short the time to run.
 Oh narrow circle, but of Pow'r divine,
 Scanted in space, but perfect in thy Line!
 By Sea, by Land, thy Matchless Worth was known;
 Arms thy delight, and War was all thy Own:
 Thy force, Infus'd, the fainting *Tyrians* prop'd:
 And Haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune stop'd.
 Oh Ancient Honour, Oh unconquer'd Hand,
 Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand!
 But *Israel* was unworthy of thy Birth;
 Short is the date of all immoderate Worth.
 It looks as Heaven our Ruine had design'd,
 And durst not trust thy Fortune and thy Mind.
 Now, free from earth, thy disencumbred Soul
 Mounts up, & leaves behind the Clouds and starry Pole:
 From thence thy kindred legions mayst thou bring
 To aid the guardian Angel of thy King.
 Here stop my Muse, here cease thy painful flight;
 No pinions can pursue immortal height:
 Tell good *Barzillai* thou canst sing no more,
 And tell thy soul she should have fled before;
 Or fled she with his life, and left this Verse
 To hang on her departed Patron's Herse?
 Now take thy steepy flight from Heaven, and see
 If thou canst find on Earth another *He*,
 Another he would be too hard to find,
 See then whom thou canst see not far behind.

Zadock the Priest, whom, shunning power and place,
 His lowly mind advanc'd to *David's* Grace:
 With him the *Sagan* of *Jerusalem*,
 Of hospitable soul, and noble stem;
 Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
 Flows in fit words, and heavenly Eloquence.
 The Prophets sons by such example led,
 To Learning and to Loyalty were bred:
 For *Colleges* on bounteous Kings depend,
 And never Rebel was to Arts a friend.
 To these succeed the Pillars of the Laws,
 Who best cou'd plead, and best can judge a Cause.
 Next them a train of Loyal Peers ascend:
 Sharp judging *Adriel*, the Muses friend,
 Himself a Muse---- In Sanhedrins debate
 True to his Prince; but not a Slave of State:
 Whom *David's* love with Honours did adorn,
 That from his disobedient Son were torn.
Jotham of ready wit, and pregnant thought,
 Indu'd by Nature, and by Learning taught
 To move Assemblies, who but only try'd
 The worse a-while, then chose the better side;
 Nor chose alone; but turn'd the balance too;
 So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Hushai the friend of *David* in distress,
 In publick storms of manly steadfastness;
 By foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth;
 And join'd experience to his native truth.
 His frugal care supp'y'd the wanting Throne,
 Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:

'Tis easy conduct when Exchequers flow,
 But hard the task to manage well the low :
 For Sovereign Power is too deprest or high,
 When Kings are forc'd to sell, or Crowds to buy,
 Indulge one labour more my weary Muse,
 For *Amiel*, who can *Amiel's* praise refuse?
 Of ancient Race by Birth, but Nobler yet
 In his own worth, and without Title great :
 The Sanhedrin long time as Chief he rul'd,
 Their Reason guided, and their Passion cool'd ;
 So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
 So form'd to speak a Loyal Nations sense,
 That as their Band was *Israel's* Tribes in small,
 So fit was he to represent them all.
 Now rasher Charioteers the Seat ascend,
 Whose loose Carriers his steady Skill commend ;
 They like th' unequal Ruler of the day,
 Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way ;
 While he withdrawn at their mad labour smiles,
 And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his toyls.

These were the the chief, a small, but faithful Band }
 Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd to stand,
 And tempt th' united Fury of the Land.
 With grief they view'd such powerful Engines bent,
 To batter down the lawful Government.
 A numerous Faction with pretended frights,
 In Sanhedrins to plume the Regal Rights.
 The true Successor from the Court remov'd :
 The Plot, by hireling Witnesses improv'd,

These Ills they saw, and as their Duty bound,
 They shew'd the King the danger of the Wound:
 That no concessions from the Throne would please,
 But Lenitives fomented the Disease:
 That *Absalom*, ambitious of the Crown,
 Was made the Lure to draw the People down:
 That false *Achitophel's* pernicious Hate,
 Had turn'd the Plot to ruine Church and State:
 The Council violent, the Rabble worse
 That *Shimei* taught *Jerusalem* to curse:

With all these loads of injuries oppress'd,
 And long revolving in his careful Brest,
 Th' event of things; at last his patience tir'd,
 Thus from his Royal Throne by Heav'n inspir'd,
 The God-like *David* spoke; with awful fear
 His Train their Maker in their Master hear.

Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
 My wrongs dissembl'd, my revenge delay'd;
 So willing to forgive th' Offending Age,
 So much the Father did the King assuage.
 But now so far my Clemency they flight,
 Th' offenders question my forgiving right.
 That one was made for many, they contend:
 But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's end.
 They call my tenderness of Blood, my fear;
 Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
 Yet, since they will divert my Native course,
 'Tis time to shew I am not good by force.
 Those heap'd Affronts that haughty subjects bring,
 Are burthens for a Camel, not a King:

Kings

Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
 Born to sustain and prop the Nations weight :
 If my Young *Samson* will pretend a Call
 To shake the Column, let him share the Fall :
 Poor pitied Youth, by my Paternal care,
 Rais'd up to all the height his frame could bear :
 Had God ordain'd his fate for Empire born,
 He woud have given his Soul another turn :
 Gull'd with a Patriots name, whose modern sense
 Is one that would by Law destroy his Prince :
 The peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool ;
 Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.
 Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws
 Should more be *Absalom's* than *David's* Cause ?
 His old Instructor, e're he lost his place,
 Was never thought indu'd with so much Grace :
 Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot paint !!
 My Rebel ever proves my peoples Saint :
 Would *They* impose an Heir upon the Throne ?
 Let Sanhedrims be taught to give their own.
 A King's at least a part of Government,
 And mine as requisite as their Consent :
 Without my leave a future King to choose,
 Infers a Right the present to Depose :
 True, they Petition me t'approve their Choise,,
 But *Esau's* hands suit ill with *Jacob's* voice.
 My pious Subjects for my safety pray,
 Which to secure they take my Power away.
 From Plots and Treasons Heaven preserve my years,
 But save me most from my Petitioners.
 Unsatiated as the barren Womb or Grave ;
 God cannot grant so much as they can Crave.
 What then is left but with a jealous Eye
 To guard the small remains of Royalty ?
 The Law shall still direct my peaceful Sway,
 And the same Law teach Rebels to obey :
 Votes shall no more establish'd Pow'r controul,
 Such Votes as make a part exceed the whole :

No groundless Clamours shall my Friends remove,
 Nor Crowds have power to punish e're they prove:
 For Gods, and Godlike Kings their Care express,
 Still to defend their servants in distress.
 Oh that my Power to saving were confin'd;
 Why am I forc'd, like Heaven, against my mind,
 To make Examples of another kind?
 Must I at length the Sword of Justice draw?
 Oh curst Effects of necessary Law!
 How ill my Fear they by my Mercy scan,
 Beware the Fury of a patient Man.
 Law they require, let Law then shew her face;
 They could not be content to look on Grace,
 Her hinder parts, but with a daring Eye
 To tempt the terror of her Front, and dye.
 By their own Arts tis righteously decreed,
 Those dire Artificers of Death shall bleed.
 Against themselves their Witnesses will swear,
 Till Viper-like their Mother Plot they tear:
 And sack for Nutriment that bloody gore
 Which was their Principle of Life before.
 Their *Belial* with their *Belzebub* will fight;
 Thus on my Foes, my Foes shall do me right:
 Nor doubt th'event: for factious crowds engage
 In their first Onset, all their Brutal Rage;
 Then, let 'em take an unresisted course,
 Retire and Traverse, and delude their force:
 But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,
 And rise upon 'em with redoubled might:
 For lawful Pow'r is still Superiour found,
 When long driven back, at length it stands the ground.
 He said. Th' Almighty, nodding, gave consent;
 And Peals of Thunder shook the Firmament.
 Henceforth a Series of new time began,
 The mighty Years in long Procession ran:
 Once more the Godlike *David* was Restor'd,
 And willing Nations knew their Lawful Lord.

F I N I S.

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